

#### SPEND SOME FREE TIME WITH ME AND MY FRIENDS.

## HIGH SOCIETY

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There are all sorts of reasons to love the French: croissants, baguettes, champagne, St. Tropez, and Anissa. Somehow she has managed to take a break from France and see what America was like. And she loved it. As a matter of fact, she's loved it over a hundred times. Fortunately for us, this is one big American cock she said 'Oui, oui' to.







































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# KEEP ME COMPANY

I just bought me a new vibrator, but haven't used it yet, or given it a nickname, yet I'm gonna have to see how it performs. My last favorite vibe was overused. Not only did I use it until it's motor gave out, but I gave it a candlelit burial in my back yard. This one works great!









































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## A chance meeting at a local grocery store turns into afternoon of ecstasy



I had seen her in the produce department of the Earth Foods store, where I shop for organic vegetables. Her short, brownish-blonde hair was straight and thick, not long enough to cover her neck, always a little bit out of place as though she'd just stepped in out of the wind. I had admired her statuesque form, too thick in the waist to be fashionable, too small in the breasts to be selected as a cover girl, too round in the hips to be a model, but pure female, and erotic in her every motion and look.

Sometimes she wore khakis or shorts, but that afternoon her faded jeans were turned up into cuffs at the bottom, and she wore as a badge of her office a short apron to cover the slight bulge of her belly and her thighs. As she leaned down to place the heads of cabbage into the cooler, her blue work shirt gaped open the least bit, and I saw that she wore a bra to support her small but sufficiently ample breasts. I wanted her. And from the looks we had exchanged, those times when neither one of us looked away, I thought that she wanted me too.

I caught her eye and held it as I picked up a cucumber and held it to my face, stroking it along my cheek, and asked if the cucumbers were fresh. She didn't avert her eyes but didn't answer right away either. I felt her pulling me into her eyes, into her body, into her self. My mouth went dry, and my pussy got wet. My tongue was paralyzed, and I felt a kind of croaking sound coming from somewhere in my throat.

The tractor beam of her eyes pulled me toward her, but my feet were bolted solidly to the floor. I couldn't budge an inch. I couldn't help looking back at her, and I knew that I was sending her a message that any guy would understand in half a second: "Fuck me. Now."

I knew how to respond to guys, but I didn't know what to do with this. Yes, I wanted her, but I didn't even know what that meant. I had been attracted to other girls before, but I had never done anything about it. Somehow there was too much at stake, too much to risk. I didn't want to be turned down, but more than that, I didn't want to lose a friend.

But this girl wasn't a friend. I didn't even know her, although I was going all gushy for her. After what seemed like half a century, I was back in the produce department, stroking a cucumber on my cheek with a question hanging in the air.

"Let's go back to my place and see if there's anything there we can do," she said as she took my hand and led me through the exit doors and into her car for what seemed like an endless trip to her apartment.

I knew what I wanted, and I wanted it right away. She then produced a nice big dildo from her bedside table and put it between my pursed lips, moving it in and out, before sliding it down too her own pussy. I was burning with desire. I felt her hot breath in my ear, on my neck. Then she thrust me back and put her hands on my breasts. I hadn't worn a bra. I don't need to. My breasts are small and firm. "Like your breasts," she said. "Are you ripe and firm and wet too?"

She turned to me and embraced me again, waited for my kiss, and returned it with equal passion. Her opened my legs, opened myself to her.

"Oh," she commented, "you are as smooth as silk." Her hand stroked my mons. I shaved my legs, my armpits, and my pubic hair every time I bathed. I loved to be smooth all over, loved the feel of the razor renewing my skin as it scraped away the harshness and left me shiny and silky all over. Her fingers explored the whole of my pubic mound, moved between my legs and between the cheeks of my butt and circled my anus.

She stood back half a pace and put a hand under each knee to lift them up. When I knew what she wanted, I put my feet on the table, my knees bent. She opened my knees and looked between my legs, staring intently at my pussy. I could feel her eyes on it, and I felt it answering her stare with a hungry throbbing.

Her finger stroked gently between my labia, already moist with anticipation, opened them, and probed into my slit as she leaned down to kiss my lips lightly with hers. Her tongue stayed in her mouth as she said, "Oh yes, you are firm and wet

and ripe. Not too green and not too ripe." She stood erect again and stared between my legs, looking into my open pussy. "Would you like to try that little toy of mine?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, please," I said as I felt her finger penetrate me and then withdraw. Moments later I felt a smooth, round, insistent hardness slowly penetrating me, moving between my labia, where her finger had been, slowly pushing its way

into me until I gasped. "Oh yes," I said, "Oh yes, that's right," and opened my legs wider for her.

Leaning over, she kissed my mouth again, twining her tongue with mine and probing my mouth as she moved the dildo deeper into me and started fucking me faster and faster with it. I began to



hands on my shoulders pushed me gently down onto the table, my legs hanging off the edge as she filled the space between my knees with her body. The strong hands pushed my shoulders down on the table, and I felt them raise my skirt above my waist and grasp the elastic of my panties. I arched my hips up to help her peel the panties off as I shudder into an orgasm, and she withdrew the sex toy and looked down between my legs. She put the device into her mouth, drew it slowly out between her pursed lips, and then licked my juices from it.

"Why did you stop?" I asked.

"Turn over," she said. I turned my face down, searching for the edge of the table with my toes, and arched my back to thrust my butt up at her.

"That's it," she said, and I felt the warm moisture of her tongue slowly tracing along the small of my back, down the crease between the cheeks of my ass, and circling my anus. I sighed and arched my back more strongly to bring my butt closer to her face. Looking to my right, I saw that the weak light in the center of the storeroom cast my shadow on the wall. I could see the shadow of her head merged into the shadow of my ass. That got me all wet and started the trembling in my pussy again.

Her hands were on my butt, squeezing gently, until one hand moved between my legs to my bare pussy and started stroking the outside of my labia from behind.

She continued to circle my anus with her tongue, and then I felt her tongue get firm and probe gently in and out, until she finally penetrated my asshole. I relaxed all of my muscles and let her fuck me with her tongue until she moved down to the ends of my labia and stroked under me with her tongue this time. She licked between my labia, but she couldn't reach all the way up to my clitoris.

I put my fingers on my clitoris and began to stroke it, damp and hard. I stroked lightly, moving my finger between my labia for the slippery moisture that was flowing freely from me now. When she put a finger between my labia, I touched it with my hand before she slipped her finger into my pussy as her tongue returned to my anus.

"More," I said, and she penetrated more deeply with her tongue.

"My pussy," I said. I bunched my fingers together and thrust them into me, thrust my pussy down on them, and rotated hard to fuck them. "More,"



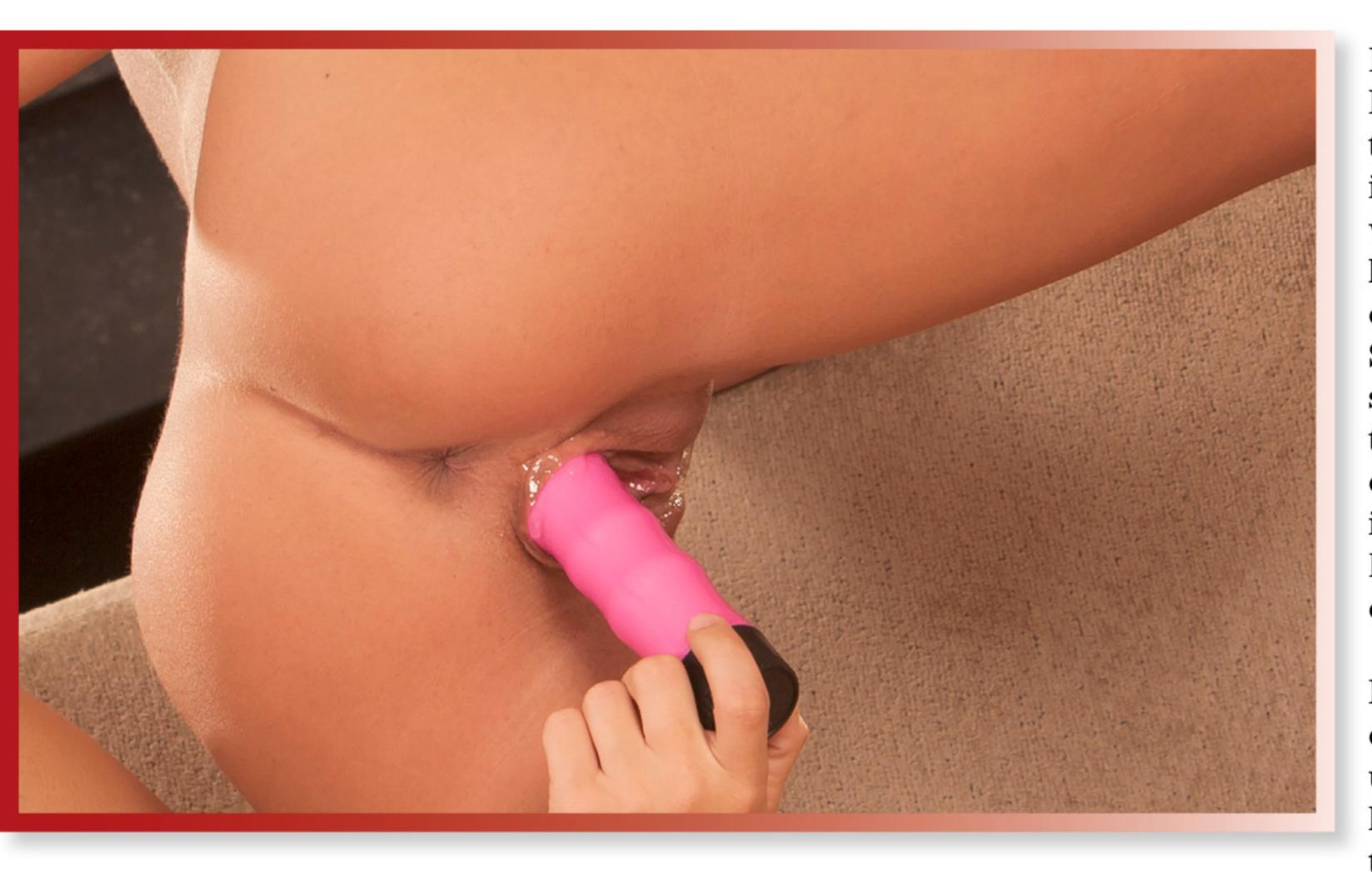
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I called hoarsely again. My voice was as stuck as it had been in the produce section, hardly able to escape my throat.

She took the dildo and returned it to my pussy. When I felt it probing from behind, I moved my the center of my being down at the mouth of my womb and vibrated my body outward until I could no longer even pretend to control my muscles, until I found myself in the grips of a seizure, a kind of fever-pitch spasm that would not release my body to my brain.



Nor did I want it to. I rode the wave of the orgasmic tide as it built wave upon wave and took me high onto the shore of unawareness. Suddenly, I felt myself tumble to the table, losing sight of the shadow fucking on the wall and knocking her things onto the floor.

I don't know whether it was a few minutes later or hours later when I came to again, but she had

straightened up, and I was stretched out on the table with my skirt up, so she could see my pussy.

"It's closing time. Care to stay for supper? I'll fix us something to eat," she said.

We soon found we didn't have time for supper. That's when I discovered that she shaved in none of the places that I did. Her armpits sprouted hair that was like corn silk, her legs grew soft, feathery hair, and her pussy had thick, tightly curled, springy hair that spread from her outer labia between her legs to cover her soft mons and up to a point halfway to her bellybutton. I was watching her, staring at her naked body with as much fascination as she had stared at mine.

We touched, kissed, laughed, and made love all night, her hairy places rubbing on my hairless ones, and sometime before the sun came up we managed to eat breakfast. A wonderful wholesome breakfast that she meticulously prepared. That trip to Earth Foods turned out to be a most productive one, to say the least!

fingers back to my clitoris. I felt the gratifying breadth of the toy penetrate, fill me, move to my center, and I started to squirm around it and played with my clitoris with my fingers until I started to come again.

As she worked the sex toy in my pussy with one hand, she slid a finger into my relaxed, open, and welcoming asshole, and then two fingers, and finally three.

"More," I gasped again.

To my delight, she then produced another dildo. She then gently moved it to my anus, and again I sighed deeply. She took that as the sign I meant it to be and slowly moved it into my relaxed anus. Half an inch at a time, the dildo penetrated me, filled me from behind.

I felt the pressure of it against the other dildo and watched the shadow fucking on the wall to my right as I started to come again. This wasn't just one orgasm; this was a series, which started from























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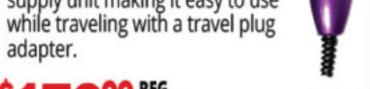
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## UNDRESSED TO THRILL

We got all dressed up tonight to go to a hot club's grand opening. When we got there, we were told it was next Friday! That won't stop us getting our groove on. We went to another club and headed into the VIP room and decided that this party was for just the two of us. Party on, girls!











































## backseat boltseat

# The vehicle was a brand new (actually, it was a year old) expensive German automobile, not exactly your classic fuckmobile, and the abandoned gravel pit probably wasn't one of your most popular lovers' lanes, either. Still, when I jumped into the huge leather cov-

ered back seat and kicked out of my jeans, Ryan didn't have any trouble figuring out what to do.

My naked legs looked pale in the light from the full moon, and my thatch of pubic hair was a dark, fragrant shadow where mysteries lurked. My horny boyfriend thrust his nose between my thighs and stuck out his tongue.

It was easy squirming out of my blouse and

while my horny bra boyfriend rolled his face tongue-first over my pussy. His hands were frantic as they attempted to peel off his clothes while he held my rich, drenched slit in place underneath his tongue. There was a delicious moment of chaos, and then finally we were both naked. "Do we have room to 69?" I wondered aloud.

"Only one way to find out." Ryan's eager nudity pressed into me in some delightful places as he shifted around on top of me. His quivering prick poked at my belly, my tits, and then against my open mouth. I gulped hard, eager to see how much

# Sweet young thing turns family car into fuckmobile

of him I could fit between my lips. At 19, those lips aren't terribly experienced. Meanwhile, he busied himself with the nooks and crannies of my damp, twitching pussy-lips.

What were we doing in at gravel pit? Well, I'll tell you. I still lived with my folks, who had old-fashioned

ideas about 19-year-old daughters. Poor Ryan had it even worse. He lived with his super-strict dad and a stepmother who had studied for the part by reading Grimm's fairy tales. Ryan wasn't even allowed to buy a car, not even with his own money, even though he was almost 20! Fortunately, my folks let me use our car.

And the only one who knew how we were using

it was the voyeur of a full moon that kept peeping in at the windows. With a little practice, I had figured out how to relax the back of my throat so I could swallow all of Ryan's delectable beefsteak. My chin and jaw stretched and strained, a delicious feeling. I had his prick trapped between my lips!

He was learning his lessons just as quickly with my pussy-lips. After some exploratory probing, he discovered that he could set off lightning bolts if he puckered his lips real small and sucked just beneath the bulge of my clitoris. Ooh-whee! I was on fire down below!

Suddenly, I bucked









against his face, and he understood that I was coming. Before he could catch the fever, he hurried to sweep his stillhard prick out of my gasping mouth. I cried out, feeling cheated at the abrupt emptiness between my lips. I wanted to feel more of that delicious pork banging my tonsils. My pussy continued to ripple against his gifted mouth. A slick gob of cream shook itself loose deep inside me, and I could feel it ooze out and slide down the side of my leg.

"I didn't want to come in your mouth," Ryan explained. "I want you all the way."

"Yes, baby," I agreed.
"That's what I want, too."
One orgasm just wasn't
going to be enough. My

body was already gathering strength, the muscles straining impatiently, demanding much, much more.

The weight of Ryan's body shifted on top of me. I was totally into the way our nude bodies were kept pressed close together. It kept Ryan's body and mine in close physical contact, not separating for even an instant. As he adjusted himself on top of me, I let my head roll back so I could see the moon upside-down through moon roof.

Hell, there were so many windows that it was practically like fucking in the great outdoors. The full moon was a floodlight that shone down on our love. And you know what? I almost wished I had an audience of envious thousands watching as I opened my legs to Ryan's steel-hard prong.

He thrust forward with a grunt, and my pussylips blossomed like the tube of a honeysuckle flower. His prick, still slick with my spit, lunged



through the fleshy folds of my open lovehole, heat-seeking the crucial nerve endings. The head seemed to dive directly for my G-spot, judging from the way the bells and whistles blasted off deep inside me. I rocked my pelvis from side to side, my motion restricted just enough by the cramped conditions to make it even more difficult for me to reach another orgasm. I could feel it coming over me, just an inch out of reach. Then just a half-inch...and boom!

Maybe I came too soon, but I just didn't care. All I wanted to do was thrash and spasm on Ryan's prick, instantly and by the hour. Fortunately, he somehow found the control

to hold back, so he didn't join me right away. Instead, he slid back down my sweaty torso to my even sweatier pussy. Immediately his tongue went back to work, thrusing in and out of my slickness. I whispered that after fucking me, his tongue was too soft and short. After a minute, her slid back up my body and I grabbed his cock and guided it back into my tight-again love hole.

He continued to vigorously pulsate his hard knob against my G-spot, lifting me higher and still higher. My hot O became a true multiple, and I lost track of the contractions that twisted through my body. It could have been seven or 70. All I know for sure is that we'd thoroughly tested the cavernous luxury of the automaobile before Ryan finally blasted off along with me.

Connie Kearney, Nebraska

I had figured out how to relax the back of my throat so I could swallow all of Ryan's delectable beefsteak. I gulped hard, eager to see how much of him I could fit between my lips.































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## LET'S LAWYER UP

We didn't want to fight over this dumb guy who was taking advantage of us both. It's never good to be the 'other woman' but it seems like we both were. We consulted an attorney and after several discussions, we decided we should be friends and pay him for making us feel better – so we made him feel better, too.





















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